

W warres, W warre
W warres.

Arma Virumq; Cano.

*Into the Field I bring,
Souldiers and Battailles :
Boeth their Fames I sing.*



Imprinted at London for I. G.. 1628.

Plot of 31362



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE *HUGH*

HAMERSLEY, Lord Maior of this
Renowned City of *London*: And Co-
lonell of the *Artillery Garden*.

THE RIGHT WORSHIP-
FULL, AND WORTHY GEN-
TLE-MEN, *St MAURICE ABBOT*,
Knight; and *Mr HENRY GARRA-
VAY*, Shrieves of the same City.

Honourable Prætor:
Worthy Consuls.

These Titles (taking both Des-
cension and Derivation from
the Ancient Roman, Præ-
torian, and Consular Dig-
nities) are happy Honors, in that they
A 2 are





The Epistle

are lent vnto you, from the noblest Nation, that euer carried Armes in the World. Your Places are High, Offices Great; yet giue me leaue to sit at the Roote of your Glories, (like a Passenger on the way) and to lift vp mine eyes to your spreading Branches, leauing this poore Tablet hid amongst your Leaues, containing nothing but an Inscription of my Loue.

It was some ioy to me, to bee employed in the Præsentation of your Triumphs, on the day of your Lordships Inauguration; and it shalbe as great a happinesse to me now, if this my second Præsentation





Dedictory.

tion, may from your Hands receive a free entertainment.

What I offered up then, was a Sacrifice
Ex officio: Custom took my Bond for
the Performance: And on the Day of
Ceremony, I hope the Debt was fully
discharged. This Oblation is voluntar-
y, and shall prosper well enough, if it
meete acceptance. A braue Company
of Gentlemen in Armes, were Additions
of much splendor, to that Day, (which
of it selfe was bright enough) to grace
your Lordship, being at this Time their
Sole and Wortby Colonell: I come to
you now, speaking still in their Warlike

A 3

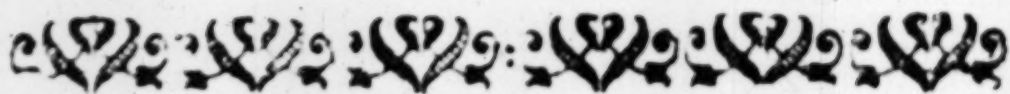
Lan-





The Epistle

*Language. Drums, Fifes, Ensignes,
Pikes, and Shot, Marched before you, to
your Gates: Drums, Fifes, Ensignes,
Pikes, and Shot, doe now come Mar-
ching into your Parlors: I know not how
to handle either; yet I handle all. Trum-
pets here sound a Charge, yet no noise
heard: A Battaille is fought, but with-
out Bloud-shed: I am no Herald, yet I
Crye, Warres, Warres, Warres: No
Souldier, yet my Pen playes the Cap-
tayne, and Drills a Company of Ver-
ses on Foote, in a Field of white Paper.
The Discipline I teach them, is so Prin-
ted in their Memories, that unlesse their
Limbes*





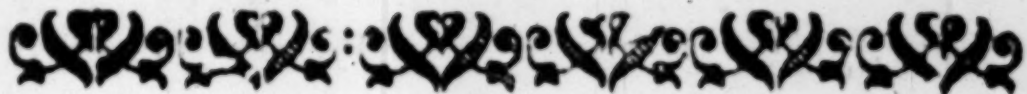
Dedictory.

Limbes be torne in peeces , the World
cannot chuse but take notice of their Po-
stures. What scorne, other men (out of
Malice , rather than Iudgement) shall
throw upon these my Martiall darings , I
will put by , with an Odi prophanum
Vulgus , and not care what Canons
they Plant against mee , so I may lye
safely Intrenched, Sub Triplici Clipco,
Of your Three noble Defences. To which
I prostrate, my Loue, Labour, and Ser-
uice :

Resting, Denoted euer

*To your Lordship,
And Worships.*

THO. DEKKER.





To all Noble Souldiers.

IF (noble Spirits) as well you may, you
wonder
How I, who be're fir'd Cannon, speake in
Thunder;
Your pardon easily thus vnties my Charms,
He that wants legges, may be in loue, with *Armes.*





VVarres , WVarres,
Warres.

Arma virumq; Cano.

BRaue Musicke ! harke : The ratling *Drum*
beates high,
And with the scolding *Fife* , deaffens the
skye,
The *Brazen Herald* in a shrill *Tone*, tels
We shall haue *Warres*, (ring out for ioy, your *Bells* :)

B

We





Warres.

We shall haue *Warres*, when *Kingdoms* are at odds,
Pitch'd *Fields* thoe *Theaters* are, at which the *Gods*
Look downe from their high Galleries of *Heauen*,
Where *Battailes*, *Tragedies* are, to which are giuen
Plaudits from *Cannons*, *Bushind Actors* tread
Knee deep in blood, and trample on the Dead:
Death, the graue *theame*, of which is writ the story,
Keene *Swords* the *Pens*, texting (at large) the glory
Of *Generals*, *Colonels*, *Captaines*, and *Commanders*,
With common fighting Men, (the hardy standers

W

Against





Warres. II

Against all *Hellish Horrors*,) Souldiers all,
And Fellowes (in that name,) to th *Generall*.
O *Warre*! thou *Schoole*, where *honor* takes *degrees*,
(*Nobler* then *those*, are bought for *Heralds Fees*,)
Thou *Hive* of *Bees* industrious, bringing *Home*
Thighes laden with rich spoiles, which may become
The *King of Bees* to carry : Thou *Refiner*
Of *droffie* *States*; *Mischiefes* rare vnderminer!
Thou great *Magician*, whose enchanted *rounds*,
Hauc *spirits*, can bind *Ambition* within *bounds*.

B 2

Thou



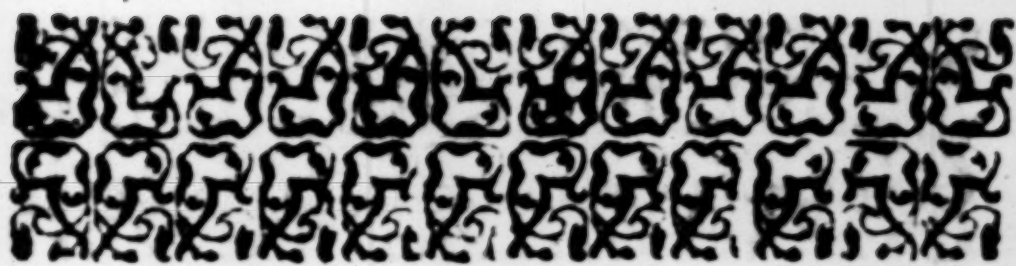


Warres.

Thou souereigne *Chymist* that art sent from *heauen*,
To cleanse the rancke-world, for to thee is giuen
The skill of *Minerals*, (*lead, iron and Steele,*)
Which can set *Realmes* vpright when they do reele,
By a strang *Powders* helpe, which strikes it dead,
What e're the *Soare* be, or how euer *Bred*.
O teach me (*all unskilfull*) how to sing
Some of thy *Wonders* on my vn-tun'd string:
For, my heart danceth sprighly, when I see
(*Old as I am*) our *English Gallantry*

(Albeit





Warres.

(Albeit no filken Downe playes with their *Chin*,
Being *façade* like women, yet all *man* within,)
With new bloom'd *Roses* blushing on each *cheeke*,
To *Plough* vp seas, *bright Fame* (*abroad*) to seeke,
And (*found*) neuer to leaue her, till she sets
Plumes, rich and glorious in their *Burgonets*;
Whose *actes*, the breaking forth in generous *flames*.
Mongst *Turks* or *Spanish*, each his worth proclaimes,
Else writes his faire *deserts* with his owne hands,
In *bloudy* letters' mongst the *Netherlands*,

B 3

So





Warres.

So fully, that their Stories shalbee read,
Whilst the proud *Germane Eagle* reares a Head.
These men I loue, O *base!* who high *Preferre*
Before all stiles, the name of *Souldier* :
Which *Tittle* in a *Diadem* beeing set,
Addes glittering *Diamonds* to the *Coronet*.
O see! the *Armies* glorious body mooues,
In whose proud front march vp so many *Ionas* :
As these are *Leaders* : How the *Sunne*, enuies
That from bright *armors*, and mens sparkling eyes,

Bear





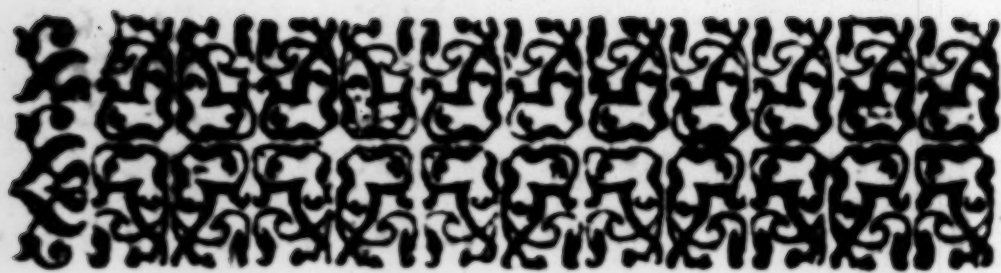
Warres.

(throwne
Beames farre more dazling through the ayre are ?
Than all those golden *Rays*, which are his owne.

What sight ith' world (but *Names* on proud *Seas*,
Is so *stupendious* rare? or can so please?
Had *Memphis* cloz'd her wonders, all in *One*,
Las! they had lack'd that sweet *Proportion*,
Which a maine *Army* carries, that can fall
Into all *Figures*, *Geometrical*,
At turning of a *Hand*, to checke all stormes,
And yet, nor *Order* breake, nor loose their *Formes*.

Faces



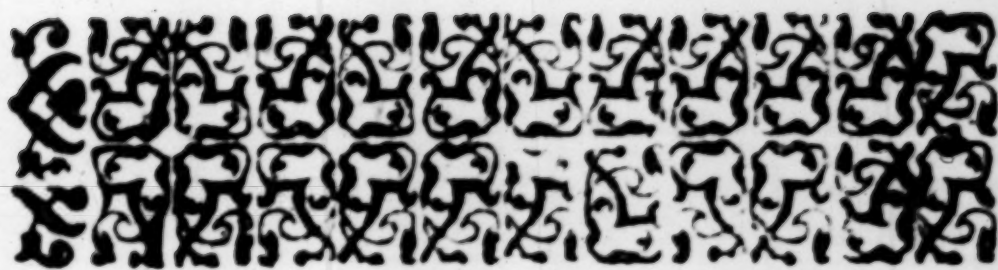


Warres.

Faces about, the *Captaine* cryes; they doo't
In an *eyes twinkling*, changing scarce a *Foot* :
Then, as you were ; tis done ; double your *Files*,
To note the quicknesse, *Time* himselſe beguiles.
Come vp in maine *Battalia* ; vp they come,
In a proud *dance*, to'th *Musicke* of the *Drum* :
Diuide your selues in *Squadrons* ; flye out in *wings* ;
Now a *halse Maone* ; the word (but spoken) brings
Men into decent *Postures*, fit to fight
Gainſt horſe or foot ; the left hand, or the *Right* :

AD





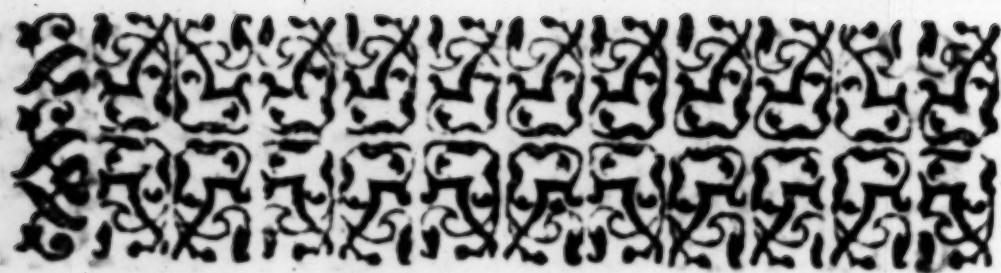
Warres.

(leffe,
All mooue like wheelles in *clockes*, some great, some
And numerous strings, do but one *tune* expresse.

But *this is nothing*, did they (but thus) still:
O harken! the *Fight* begins, for loud shoutes fill
Heauen with rebounding *Ecchoes*. *Trumpets* sound
A charge; *Drums* rattle, noise doth noise countound,
Yet 'tis *all-musicall*: *Barb'd Horses* beate
Their hooves through madnes, & their *Riders* sweat
With rage, because That *mooning wall* (of *Pikes*)
They cannot enter, for it guards and strikes,

Yet





Warres.

Yet *groves* of Pikes, by *groves* of Pikes are shiuer'd
Tenthousand *Bullets* from iron wombes deliuer'd,
Flye whurrying in the Ayre : Steele *Targets* clatter,
Swords clash, whilst *Battle-axes*, *Helmets* batter,
The *Cannon* roares; by *thousands*, men dye groning,
But Drums so cheere the rest ; none minds their moning :
Gold lacde *Busse-iorkins* drop; *Feathers* look pale,
Whilst rottred *despernesmes*, all stormes of *Haile*
Stand like tough *Briers*: *Heads* are for foot-balls toft:
Armes flye to seeke their Maisters, yet both lost,

Whole





Warres.

Whose mangled *Carcases* (besmeer'd in gore;) *Troupes* of *Carbines* in *Triumph* *trample* o're.

Here may you see, hot spirits as fiercely meete,
As *Whirle-winds* do, whilst *rocks* or *oakes* they greet;
Yet by strong *tugging* when their *Flames* are spent,
Lye like deere friends (tho into wounds all rent,) *Whose* *streames* gush out so fast, they oft are found
Suffring two *deaths*, and are both *kild* and *drown'd*.
A thousand *windings*, and a thousand wayes
The *General* beates (even whilst the *ordnance* plaies)

To

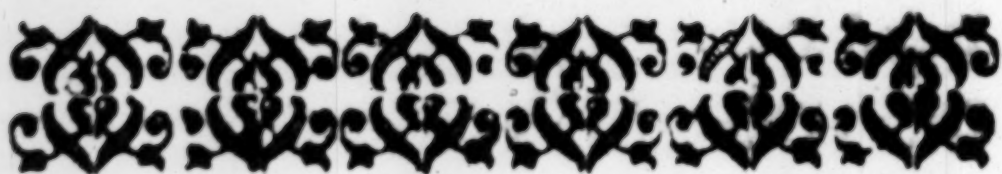


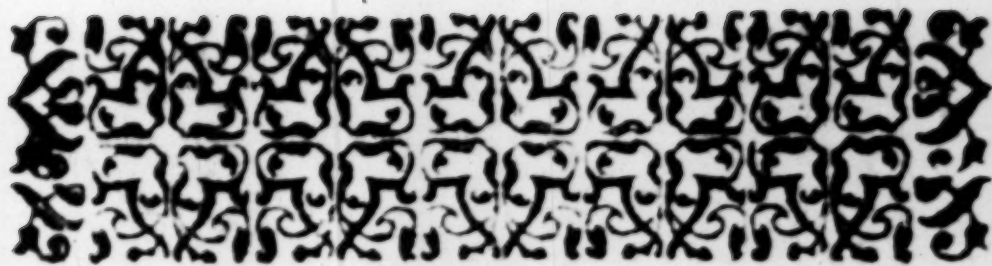


Warres.

To winne the *Wind*, the *Sun*, the *Wood*, the *Hell*,
None know what cares the noble Souldier fill.
Blacke fate ! there's drop'd a *Leader* to the ground,
Courage he cryes yet (*Souldiers*) flights the wound;
And though *death* stare in's face, *death* him doth
To fall (saith he) is *Fortune de la Guerre*. (feare,
As when a *Phenix*, to her *death-bed* comes,
She buildes a *nest* of *spice*, and *odorons gummes*,
Then in the *Sunnes* hot *flames*, clapping her wings
She burnes to *Death*: out of whose *ashes* springs

A



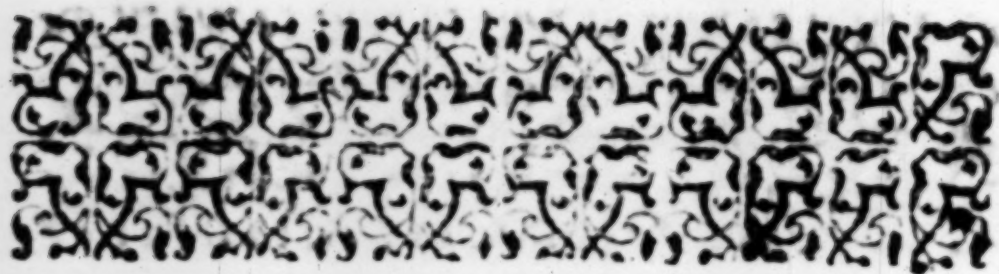


VVarres.

A second *Phanix*: So, when *Leaders* fall,
(E're the last gaspe) about them quicke *they* call
Their *souldiers*, whom they *beat* with their own fire
To *fight* it out, who seeing their *soules* retire
To *heavenly Tents*: Ten thousand *Leaders* rise
From them; and, *On, a maine On*, each man cries,
A *fare-well* vollied loud from *one* to *one*,
Thus Epitaph'd; *There's a brave fellow gon.*
Nor, (tho a hundred *Captaines* should lye slaine)
Run the rest head-long on: 'twere poore and vaine,

By





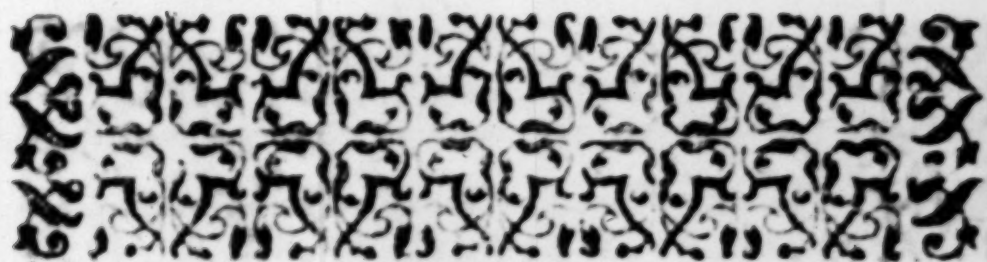
Warres.

By quitting others Deaths, to meete their Owne,
No, euery Souldier when the Dice are throwne
Waites his owne Cast, and watches his owne Game,
The vpshot of all faire-play being true Fame.

Fer, as yong flowers make garlands for the Spring,
As Coronets of Lillies, honor bring
To amorous Riuers: As those sinells are rare,
Which Summers warme hand throwes into the aire:
As Incense, from the Tyrannizing Fire
Breaks in sweet clouds, and more the flames conspire

To



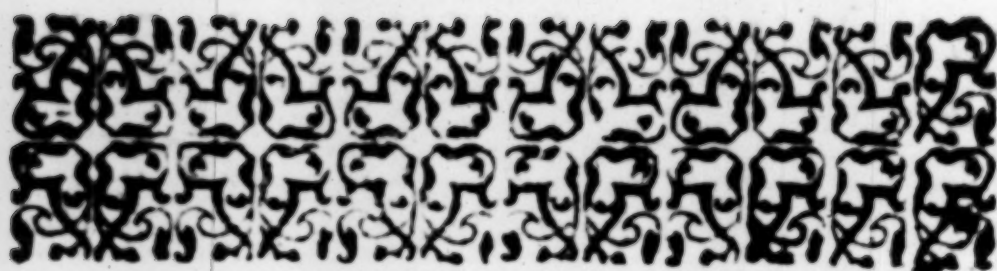


VVarres.

To choake her odorous *breath*, with richer sent
Her *Roseall* wings tanne all the *Firmament*:
So meoues a Souldier in his constant Sphaere,
His great *Desires* still burning, sweete and cleare.
Nor seekes he blood but high *deeds*: rather *Fame*
Than a fought Battaile; for a nobler *Name*
Is grauen vpon the sword, that's dip'd in Oyle
Than that in blood, which does all *brightnesse* foile
When *horror* will spare none, 'tis *Law*, to *Kill*:
But *Honor* sayes, *Tis better sane than spill.*

Wbo





Warres.

Who then with lippes prophane dare curses lay
On *Warre*, who to all *Glory* beates the way,
Nay to all goodnesse? Downe the Courts pride falls,
When *He's* in place, Church-Simony, no man calls
To a fat Benefice: Bribery dares not feele
The Lawyers pulsc; nor Usuries golden wheele
Whirle in the City: country Foxes hide
Their ill got spoyles, which *Warre* can soone deuide.
Breake then (*thou thunder*) that foule bed of snakes,
Which a Luxurious peace, her darling makes,

Dandling





Warres.

*Dandling the Plump Brood on her wanton knees,
Whose Braimes War would beat out, & frō the Lees
Racke the pure wine, whose heate should kindle fires
For deed: Heroicall. Warre, more admires
One Bethlem Gabor, or one Spinola,
Than all the braue men on St. George his Day.*

*But why doe I Out-Landish coyne thus raise,
When our own English Itamps deserue more praise!
Giue me a stout Southampton and his Sonne,
A fiery Oxford who toth' Top would runne*

C

Of





Warres.

Of the most dangerous, hottest, *high designe*,
An *Essex*, which does euen himselfe cut shine
Innoble *Darings*: would I had a *Pen*,
To set the worrds downe of the *best* of *Men*
The same fam'd *Warwicke*, *Holland*, *Willoughby*,
Whose *Altes* too high a *Pitch* for me doe flye:
I am no *Eagle* to behold such *Sunnes*,
My humble *Muse* in her owne *circle* runnes.
And that's in thee (*O Troynouant*:) Old *Rome*,
Couldst thou thy *gray head*, lift vp from thy *Tombe*

Glorious,





Warres.

(Bayes,
Glorious, as when thy *Browes* were deck'd with
Higher in *fame*, thy *Sons* thou couldst not raise,
Then *London* now can *here* : Thy *Citizens*
Had not more *honors* from the *Roman* pens
Than ours now merit : Like a *brazen* well
Shee (should *War thunder*) vp braue spirits can call
To guard her *towers* and *pinnacles*, *sonnes here bred*,
Vnder her *wing*, and by her *cherished*.
Nor needs she send to *Forraine* shores for men
To lead her *Troupes* : How many a *Citizen*

C 2

(Stood





Warres.

(Stood *horror* at the Gates) could fairely *Reere*,
And in a rough storme, guide both *Van* and *Reare* :
But (*aboue all the rest*) why should not I,
The *Fames* sing of our twice *Decemviri*,
(Our twenty Citty Captaines.) *Bond, Leate, Fen*,
(A chiefe, yet Gound amongst our *Aldermen* :)
Stiles, Williams, Smith, & Andrewes, march vp here,
Lasher, and *Henshaw*, ith' next *Frons* appeare :
Walker, and *Halsey* then, with *Rowdon* lead
Their *Companies* stoutly on : lyes *Milward* dead !

No,





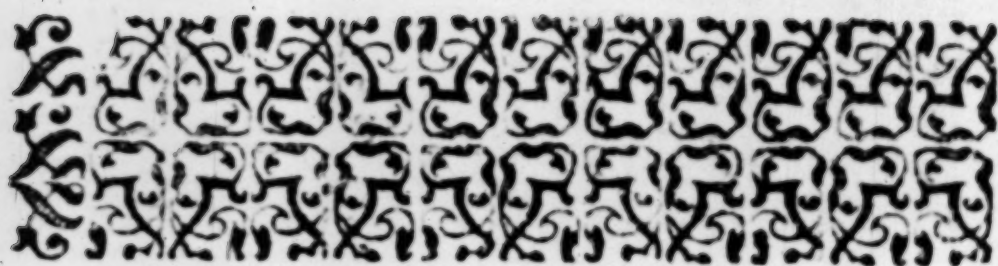
Warres.

No, with a *brow* vp-reard to'th *Field* He hyes;
*Waller*s and *Langham*s Drums, deafning the *skies*:
Lee, *Fen*, and *Diebfield*, come in braue array,
Whilst *Wilde*, and *Marshall*, strue to win the Day;
Win may they, other *notes* our Muse must sing,
And to the *Sunne*, play on a louder string,

C 3

VVarre





Warres.

VVarre and the Sunne
Compared,

VVar and the Sun are Twinnes; as the Sun rides
In's chariot (*all of flames*) which himself guides
Through *heauen*, the vast earth measuring in on day,
And of all Countries (so) takes full suruay;
Cheering all *Nations*, which his god-like eyes,
Who *sets* as he *sets*; *rise* as he does *rise*.

And





Warres.

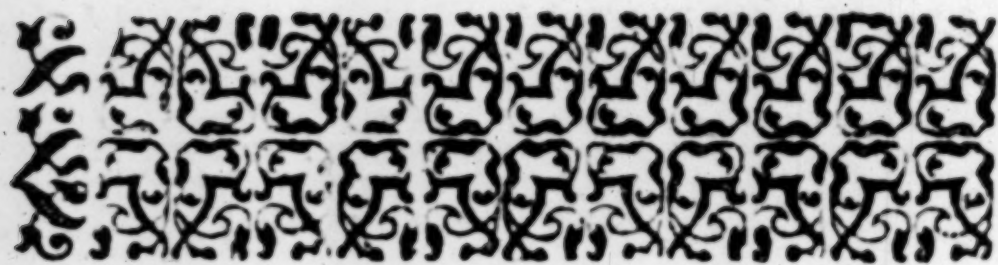
And in a yeare *this princely Bridegroome* shines,
Twelve times, in his 12. houses, (the 12 *Signes*.)

So *War* holds the whole world in Soueraine awe,
(*His* not the Common, but the *Cannon Law*.)
What Kingdomes are not glad to see him ride
On thunder, (*lightning* lackying by his side?

Turkes, Tartars, Persians, Indians, all adore
The god of *Warre*; all dance to heare him rore;
The *Pole, Russe, Hungar, Swene*, and yellow *Dane*,
English, French, Spanish, Dutch, waite on *Wars* traine,

And



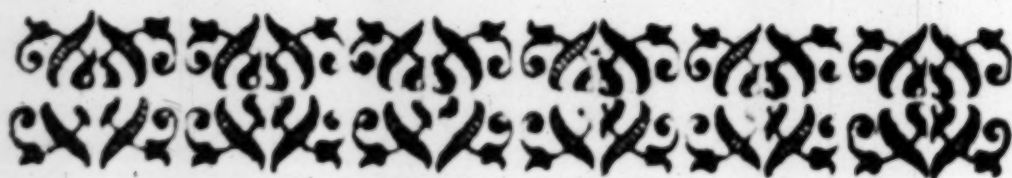


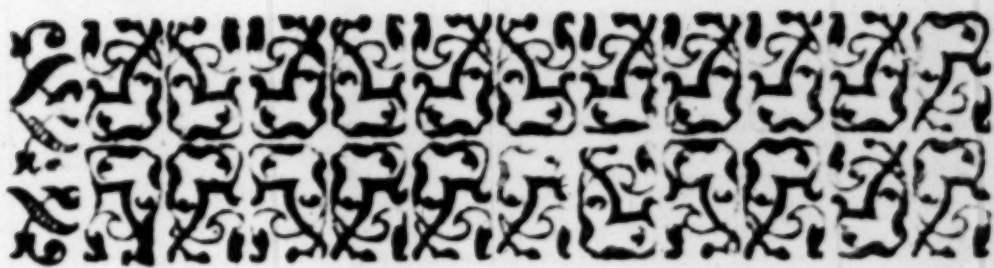
Warres.

And to such *height*, their *Empires* nere had brought,
But for the braue *old battailes* they haue *Fought*.

Warre. and the *Sunne* you see then, may be *Twins*,
For *day* being borne, *Warres* teeming *Birth* begins:
Nay, one perpetuall *motion*, they both keepe,
The *Sunne* still wakes and *Warre* can neuer sleepe.
Last, of the *Sunne*, that *be* no point may lacke,
Warre has found out a rare *new Zodiacke*,
With *signes* of leife-same names, in which the *Sunne*
Does in his euermoving *Progresse* runne.

WARRE





Warres.

Warre his Zodiacke.

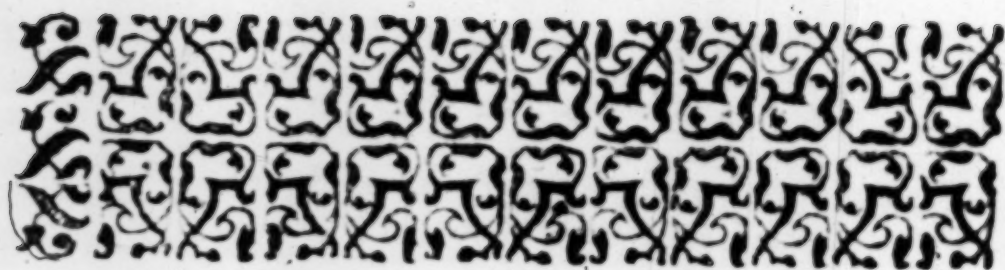
I. *Aries.*

WHen into horned *Moones* the *Squadrons*
change,
Then the *Battalia* does in *Aries*
Range :

Here the braue *Van* comes vp, (a *Souldiers* pride,) /
Who *dye* here, *Winne* a *Death* that's dignified.

I. *Taurus.*





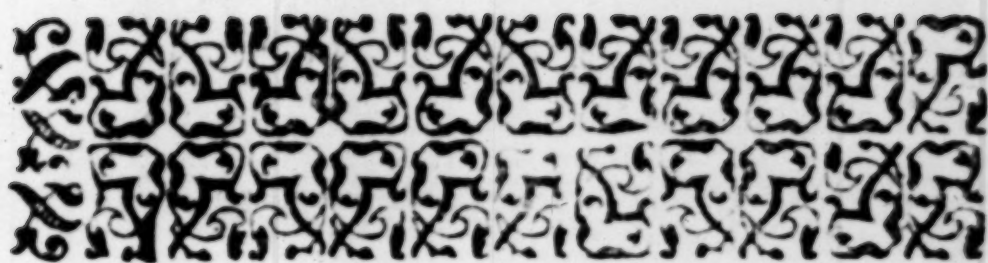
Warres.

2. Taurus.

WHen like two stiffe-neck'd *Bulls*, fell
Armies meete,
Being goard quite through with
wounds, from *head* to *feete*,
The bellowing *Taurus* is a lusty *signe*,
That souldiers, then, in *Scarlet-triumphe* shine.

3. Gemini.





Warres.

3. Gemini.

Honor and warlike *Anger*, single
forth,
Troupes against *Troupes*, and *Wings* to
shew their worth :
Men then with men, their *masculine* valours trie,
Which makes the *Battle* mooue in *Gemini*.

4. Cancer.





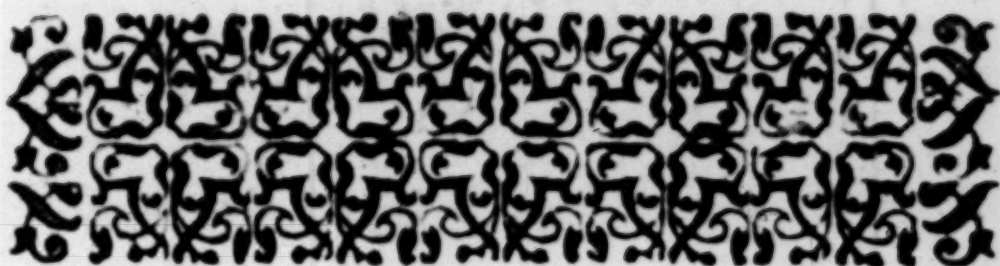
Warres.

4. Cancer.

H Or growes the *Day*, the strong, the weaker
Beate;
Which seene, the wearied *Van* with soft
Retreate
Gives backe ; and in this pollicicke *Retire*,
Cancer winnes time to kindle fresher *Fire*.

5. Leo.





VVarres.

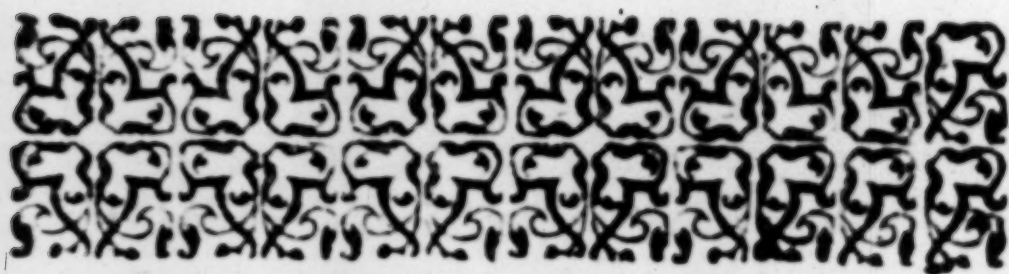
5. Leo.

L ightning and *Thunder* then, bring vp the
Reare,
And with it, *Death*, who playes the
Murderer :

Hels *Furies* are the *Marshalls* for the *Day*,
For, *Leo* roares, and does his *fanges* display.

6. Virgo.





Warrès.

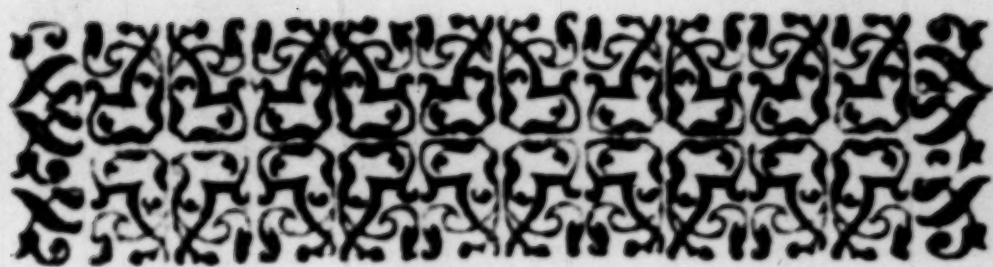
6. Virgo.

S Till to bee *Killing*, is a *Belluine*
Rage,
The thirst of *Vengeance* therefore to
assuage.

Mercy puts forth a *Hand* and Prisoners takes,
And then milde *Virgo* from her *Tent* awakes.

7. Libra





VVarres.

7. Libra.

AS when two *Dragons*, breathlesse through
deepe wounds,
Tis doubtfull, which the others *life*
confounds :

So, twixt two *Armies* whilst coy *Victory* hovers,
The *hopes* and *feares* of both, *Libra* discovers.

S. Scorpio





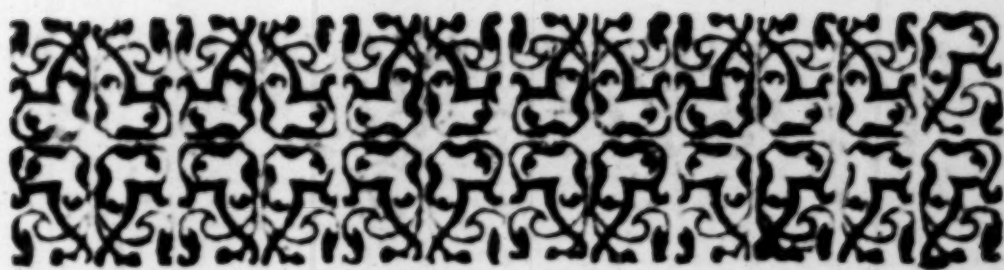
Warres.

S. Scorpio.

PEl-mell, then too't agen; the *chaine-flies*
flyes,
And sweepes downe *lanes* of *Men*; tossing
i'th Skies
Armors and *limbes*, to shew that *Scorpio* throwes
His rancorous *breash* forth, poisoning where it goes.

2. *Sagittarius.*





Warrès.

9. Sagitarius.

O Thou olde English Archer,
(*Sagitary*)
Now taught'd at is the *Bow* which
thou dost carry; (won,
Thy gray Goose wing, which once braue battailes
Hangs loose; for *bullets* on thy errands runne.

D

10. *Capricornus.*





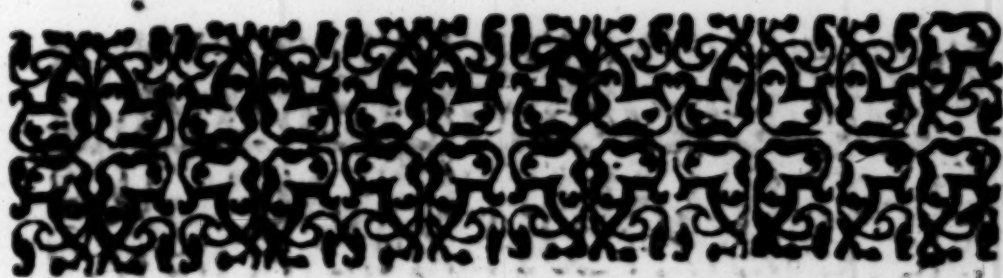
Warres.

10. *Capricornus.*

W Hat Coward flyes the *field* ! and
wounds does feigne,
To saue himsele out of *Warres*
sulphurous raine,
For a few drops ! off is the Pezant borne !
His *signe* shalbe the skipping *Capricorne*.

11. *Aquarius.*





Warrès.

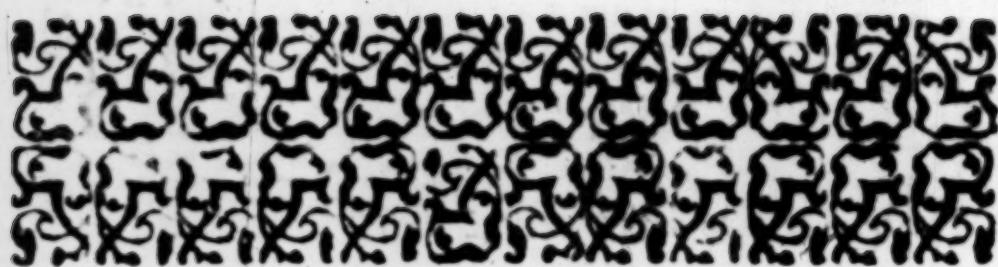
11. Aquarius.

WInter now comes, *Heavens* fluces
powre out rayne;
Or, *Fields* are standing pooles through
Armies flayne:
Else, a some *Country* swims in her owne *teares*,
And then *Aquarius* vp his Standard reares.

D 2

12. *Pisces.*





Warres.

12. *Pisces.*

B Ut, when *Pay* slackes; and *health* with
Victuals you,
Souldiers being forc'd to live on dry
poore Iohn;
Yer, two by two (like *sharkes*) themselves combine
For booties; *Pisces*, is this lucklesse *Signe*.

To





Warres.

To All.

THus, *Home* at last, the *Souldier*
comes,
As vscieffe as the *Hung-up*
Drums:
And (but by Noble hands being *Fed*,
May *beg* hard; hardly yet get *Bread*.

D 3

Nulla





Warres.

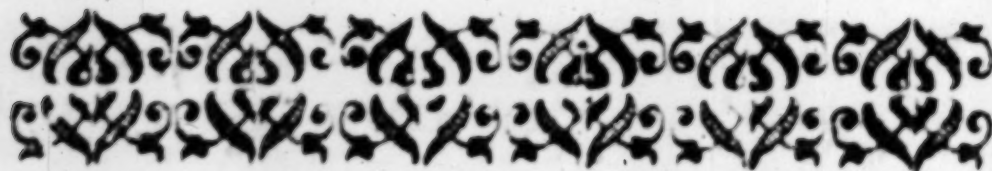
Nulla salus Bello,

THough thus of *War*, a *Paradox* I write,
War is a Kingdomes darke and gloomy night,
Ecclipsing all her face: *Peace* is bright day,
That *Sun* shine send vs, keep: the night away.

Pacem, te posci nus on nes.

*Because mention is made before of the City Cap-
taines; their Lieutenants at that time not being
in place. Here behold them.*

THE





Warres.

The 20 City Lieutenants.

Captaines without *Lieutenants* are like
men
Borne with one hand (the right) *Lieutenants*
then,
Serue for the *Left*, and when that *Right* is lame,
The *Left* workes hard to reare an *Armies Fame*:

D 4

In



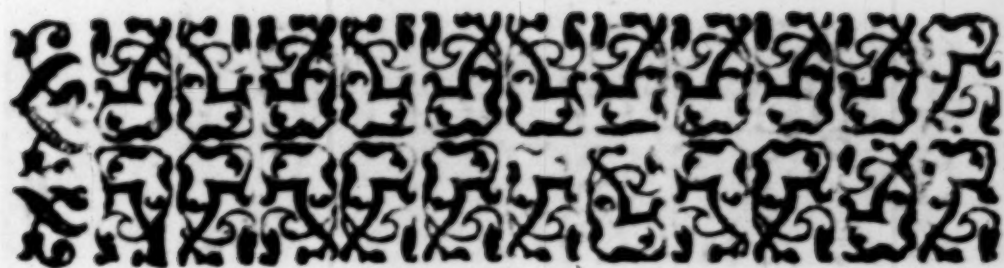


Warres.

In dangers they with *Captaines* crye halfe parts,
These, are their seconds, nay, are halfe their hearts :
Lieutenants are the *Vishers* in *Warres* schoole,
Captaines, head-masters ; and they beare such rule,
As *Viceroyes* vnder Kings : Then, vnder these
(Our twenty *London*-leaders,) who so please
To reckon their *Lieutenants*, here they stand,
The *Captains* them, these honoring their Command.

Bring





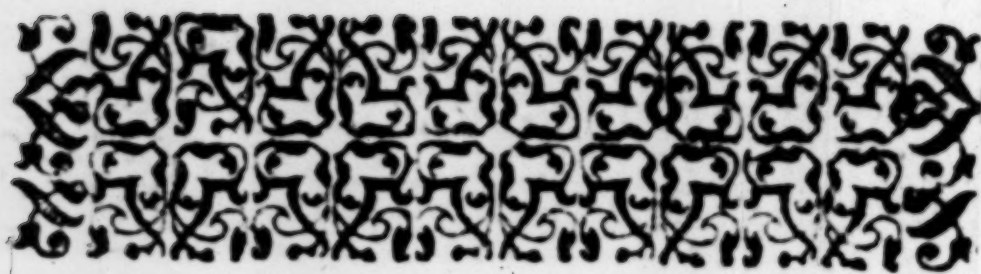
Warres.

Bring vp your *wings*, your *squadrons* then, & *files*,
And read what *Story* your owne worth compiles.

Lieutenant *Tompson* comes by order first;
Then *Pierce*, (a sonne vnder *Bellona* nurst;)
Tong lifts his head vp in the thickest throng:
Davies, and *Hanson*, I should doe you wrong,
Did not you step in heere, and claime your due;
Mannering, and *Smart*, the next voice cries vp you:

ConcB



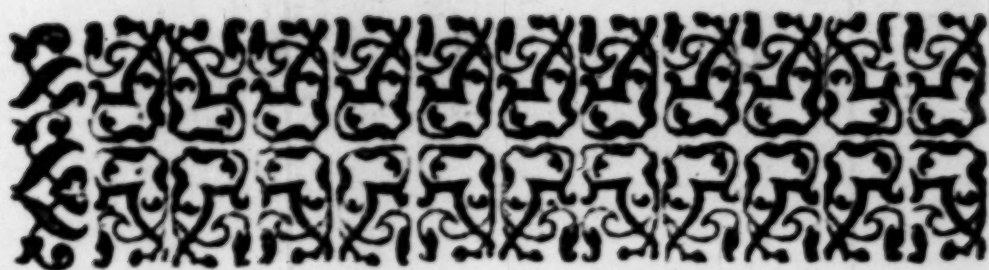


Varres.

Cowel, and *Adams*, walke their warlike Round,
Whilt *Parker* souldierlike, makes good his ground.
Close to him, *Cutbert* labours to win *Fame* :
Forster, will nothing loose in *Warres* great *Game*.
Loud peales of *Muskets*, *Slaney* lones to heare ;
Midst groues of *Pikes* does *Normington* appeare :
Cruso's heart dances, when the proud *Drum* beates;
Traners cryes on ; and scornes all base retreates :

Shepherd





Warres.

Shepheard is like a *Lyon* in the *Field*;
Gawthorne, for skill and heart, to none will yeild:
Manby (though last but one) in worth not least,
With *Phillips*, marches vp with manly breast.
These *Chieffes*, and these *Lientenants*, are the *Ring*,
Their *Troupes*, the *Diamonds*, fit to serue a King.

FINIS.

